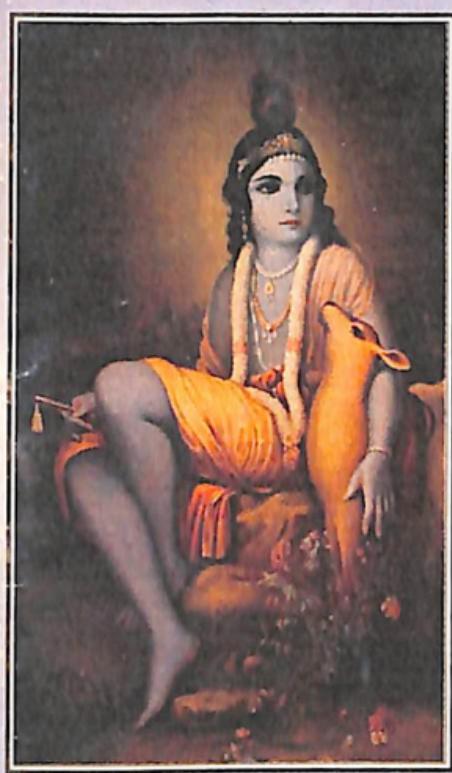


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A
GARLAND
OF
HYMNS
TO
MUKUNDA



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॥ श्री मुकुन्दमाला ॥

A GARLAND OF HYMNS TO
MUKUNDA

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Translated by
SWAMI GABHIRANANDA

ACCESSION NO: 13/202
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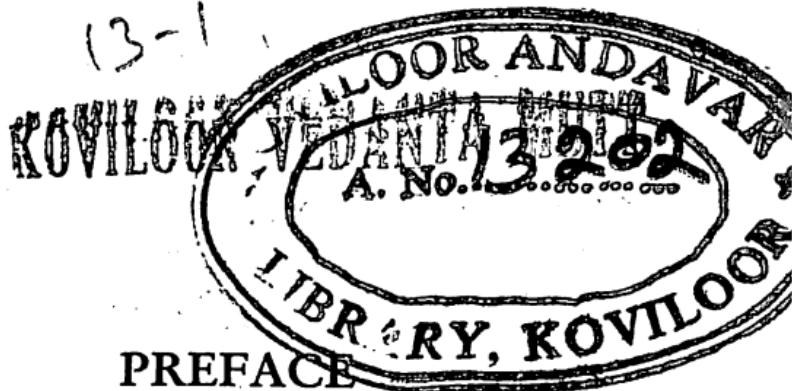
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Mukundamala or a Garland of Hymns to Mukunda, is a Sanskrit poem composed in praise of Sri Mahavishnu by the saintly King Kulashekara. The devotional depth and appeal of its stanzas have raised the poem to the crest of the Bhakti movement in India. The divine experience, which the God-inebriate author had, still rings in the ears of those who chant the poem with devotion.

There are earlier editions of the book presenting texts differing in extent and even wording. In this edition

we have chosen 41 stanzas which form the core of the Stotra. The English version is made with care to echo the devotional fervour of the original.

We are thankful to Swami Vimalanandaji for many valuable suggestions in this regard. May this booklet prove a boon to the readers of devotional literature, who are not sufficiently familiar with Sanskrit to follow the text without the aid of a translation.

Publisher

Sri Ramakrishna Jayanti

10 March 1978

ॐ

॥ श्रीमुकुन्दमाला ॥

MUKUNDAMALA

A Garland of Hymns to Mukunda

वन्दे मुकुन्दमरविन्ददलायताक्षं
 कुन्देन्दुशङ्खदशनं शिशुगोपवेषम् ।
 इन्द्रादिदेवगणवन्दितपादपीठं
 बृन्दावनालयमहं वसुदेवसूनुम् ॥१॥

I adore the Supreme Lord Mukunda, who releases bound souls from Samsara and whose eyes are like shapely lotus petals. His teeth are sparkling white like the jasmine flower, the full moon and the shell of the white conch. He has assumed the

character of a young cowherd boy. Celestials headed by Indra worship His feet for support. He is the son of Vasudeva and He dwells in Vrindavana.

श्रीवल्लभेति वरदेति दयापरेति
 भक्तप्रियेति भवलुण्ठनकोविदेति ।
 नाथेति नागशायनेति जगन्निवासे-
 त्यालापनं प्रतिपदं कुरु मां मुकुन्द ॥२॥

O Mukunda; make me repeat constantly Your hallowed names Sri-vallabha (Consort of Lakshmi), Varada (Bestower of boons), Dayapara (Compassionate One), Bhaktapriya (Loving and loved by the devotees), Bhav-lunthanakovida (Proficient in exterminating the bondage of the cycle of births), Natha (Master), Nagasayana

(Resting on the bed of infinity conceived as a serpent), and Jagannivasa (Indweller of the whole universe).

जयतु जयतु देवो देवकीनन्दनोऽयं
जयतु जयतु कृष्णो वृष्णिवंशप्रदीपः ।

जयतु जयतु मेघश्यामलः कोमलाङ्गो
जयतु जयतु पृथ्वीभारनाशो मुकुन्दः ॥३॥

Victory to the supreme Divinity (born as) the delightsome child of Devaki! Victory to Sri Krishna who brought light to the Vrishni race! Victory to that embodiment of tender beauty with a cloud-blue complexion! Victory to Mukunda who removes the burden of the earth caused by the wicked!

मुकुन्द मूर्धा प्रणिपत्य याचे
भवन्तमेकान्तमियन्तमर्थम् ।

अविस्मृतिस्त्वच्चरणारविन्दे

भवे भवे मेऽस्तु भवत्प्रसादात् ॥४॥

O, Mukunda, I prostrate before You in deep reverence and beseech You for this much only and nothing more. May I, through Your grace, never forget Your lotus feet in this life and the lives to come.

नाहं वन्दे तव चरणयोद्धन्द्वमद्धन्द्वहेतोः ।

कुम्भीपाकं गुरुमपि हरे नारकं नापिनेतुम्
रम्यां रामां मूदुतनुलतां नन्दने नापि रन्तुम्

भावे भावे हृदयभवने भावयेयं भवन्तम् ॥५॥

O Hari, I cherish a whole-hearted devotion to You, not for getting rid of the opposing dual experiences like pain and pleasure, not for escaping from the grave sufferings of the Kumbhipaka hell in which the

offender is boiled in a giant pot, not even for revelling in the covetable Nandana groves of paradise with beautiful damsels, soft like creepers. On the other hand, the sole purpose of my devotion is: May I have You in the abode of my heart—may my mind contemplate on You in every state.

नास्था धर्मं न वसुनिच्ये नैव कामोपभोगे
 यद्यदभव्यं भवतु भगवन् पूर्वकर्मनिरूपम् ।
 एतत्प्रार्थ्यं मम बहुमतं जन्मजन्मान्तरेऽपि
 त्वत्पादाभ्योरुहयुगगता निश्चला भक्तिरस्तु ॥६॥

O Supreme abode of all excellence! I do not crave for the accumulation of virtues through the performance of duties and sacrifices laid down in the scriptures; nor do I desire the accession of great wealth or enjoyment of sense pleasures. Whatever is to

happen according to my previous merits or demerits, let that come to pass. But this I consider desirable above everything else: May my deep devotion to Your lotus-feet remain firm in this birth and the succeeding births.

दिवि वा भुवि वा ममास्तु वासो
 नरके वा नरकान्तक प्रकामम् ।
 अवधीरितशारदारविन्दौ
 चरणौ ते मरणेऽपि चिन्तयानि ॥७॥

O Lord, whose grace (alone) ends the sufferings of hells; if it be Your will, let my place of residence be on earth or in heaven or hell. I am fully reconciled to it. On my part I only see to it that even at the point of death my mind meditates on Your hallowed feet that put to shame the charm of the lotus flower.

कृष्ण त्वदीयपदपङ्कजपञ्चरान्त-
रद्यैव मे विशतु मानसराजहंसः ।
प्राणप्रयाणसमये कफवातपितैः
कण्ठावरोधनविधौ स्मरणं कुतस्ते ॥८॥

O Krishna! Like the royal swan repairing into its nest (of perpetual safety and protection) may my mind resort to Your lotus feet now itself. Where is the guarantee (otherwise) of remembering You at time of death, when one is gasping for breath with the respiratory passage blocked up with phlegm, wind and bile?

चिन्तयामि हरिमेव सन्ततं
मन्दमन्दहसिताननाम्बुजम् ।
नन्दगोपतनयं परात्परं
नारदादि मुनिवृन्दवन्दितम् ॥९॥

I only think of Hari constantly, the attractor of all, whose face—with the gentle smile playing over it—is charming like a lotus flower in bloom, and who transcends all cause-and-effect relations. Yet He appeared as the son of Nandagopa and was worshipped by the band of ascetic sages headed by Narada.

सरसिजनयने सशङ्खक्रे
 मुरभिदि मा विरमस्व चित्त रन्तुम् ।
 सुखकरमपरं न जातु जाने
 हरिचरणस्मरणामृतेन तुल्यम् ॥१०॥

O Mind, never desist from taking delight in Murari whose eyes are comparable to lotus petals and who has for his emblem the conch and the discus. I do not at all know of anything else

equivalent to the ambrosial remembrance of the feet of Hari in conferring bliss on us.

मामीर्मन्दमनो विचिन्त्य बहुधा ।

यामीश्चिरं यातनाः ।

नामी नः प्रभवन्ति पापरिपवः ।

स्वामी ननु श्रीधरः ।

आलस्यं व्यपनीय भक्तिसुलभं ।

ध्यायस्व नारायणं ।

लोकस्य व्यसनापनोदनकरो ।

दासस्य किं न क्षमः ॥११॥

Do not have uneasy anticipations, O stupid mind, about the manifold penalties that will be imposed on you by Yama (the inflictor of retribution for misdeeds). Our enemies, the demerits accruing from our past transgressions, cannot overpower us. Is not Sridhara (the support of everything

that is good) our Master? Shaking off all sloth meditate upon Narayana, the indwelling self of all, who is easily accessible through Bhakti. He who chases away the bitter grief of all humanity, will He become incapable when it comes to the turn of His servant?

भवजलधिगतानां द्वन्द्ववाताहतानां
 सुतदुहितृकलत्रत्राणभारार्दितानाम् ।
 विषमविषयतोये मज्जतामप्लवानां
 भवतु शरणमेको विष्णुपोतो नराणाम् ॥१३॥

This ocean of transmigratory existence is lashed into waves by the wind of opposing experiences such as pleasure and pain; hard and intricate pursuit of pleasure forms its core. Many are those who fall in it and are dragged down by the weight of

dependents, such as son, daughter, and wife (or husband), demanding protection and they have no boat to save themselves. May Bhagavan Vishnu alone be the ship to take such men across.

भवजलधिमगाधं दुस्तरं निस्तरेयं
 कथमहमिति चेतो मा स्म गा: कातरत्वम् ।
 सरसिजद्विशि देवे तावकी भक्तिरेका
 नरकभिदि निषणा तारयिष्यत्यवश्यम् ॥१३॥

“The ocean of Samsara is very deep and extremely hard to cross over, how can I possibly get over to the other side of it?” Mind, do not be discouraged and dejected by such thoughts. Whole-hearted devotion to the Deity (Sri Krishna) with gracious eyes attractive and charming like the lotus

flower, and the slayer of the demon Naraka, will surely take you across Samsara.

तृष्णातोये मदनपवनोद्धूतमोहोर्मिमाले
 दारावर्ते तनयसहजग्राहसङ्घाकुले च ।
 संसाराख्ये महति जलधौ मज्जतां नस्त्रिधामन्
 पादाम्भोजे वरद भवतो भक्तिनावं प्रयच्छ ॥१४॥

We are sinking in the terrible ocean called Samsara which has for its waters insatiable desires curling into ridges and depressions of maddening infatuations tossed by the strong wind of lust (and greed), and is further infested with large crocodiles in the form of brothers and sons as well as the whirlpool of wives (or husbands.) O grantor of our wishes, who are present in all the three states (waking, dream and sleep), may we have for

the purpose of crossing this Samsara a boat in the form of deep devotion to Your lotus feet.

मा द्राक्षं क्षीणपुण्यान् क्षणमपि
 भवतो भक्तिहीनान् पदाव्जे
 मा श्रौषं श्राव्यबन्धं तव चरित-
 मपास्यान्यदाख्यानजातम् ।
 मा स्मार्षं माधव त्वामापि भुवनपते
 चेतसापहुवानान्
 मा भूवं त्वत्सपर्याव्यतिकररहितो
 जन्मजन्मान्तरेऽपि ॥१५॥

I do not wish to see even for a moment those who have scanty religious merit, and so are devoid of devotion to Your feet. I do not wish to listen to poetic compositions other than those that describe Your glory. O Madhava, Lord of the universe, far be it from me even to remember

those who deny You at heart and misrepresent You. Never let it befall me to be born in any of my future lives where there is no provision for Your worship.

वात्सल्यादभयप्रदानसमयादार्तार्तिनिर्वापणात्
 औदार्यादधशोषणादगणित श्रेयः पदप्रापणात् ।
 सेव्यः श्रीपतिरेक एव सततं सन्त्यत्र षट्साक्षिणः
 प्रह्लादश्च विभीषणश्च करिराद् पाश्चाल्यहल्या ध्रुवः ॥

Sripati, the Lord of Lakshmi, alone is fit to be worshipped always. O man, take shelter in Him only. As the bestower of affection, as the grantor of protection, as the remover of anguish, as the embodiment of magnanimity, as the destroyer of sins, and as the giver of boundless prosperity, there is none equal to Sri Krishna.

Prahlada, Vibhishana, Gajendra, Draupadi, Ahalya, and Dhruva—these six stand witness to this fact.

जिह्वे कीर्तय केशवं मुररिपुं चेतो भज श्रीधरं
 पाणिद्वन्द्व समर्चयाच्युतकथाश्श्रोत्रद्वय त्वं श्रृणु ।
 कृष्णं लोकय लोचनद्वय हरेर्गच्छाद्यग्नि युग्मालयं
 जिघ्र घ्राण मुकुन्दपादतुलसीं मूर्धन् नमाधोक्षजम् ॥

O, my tongue, recite the glory of Kesava; O my mind, worship Mura-ripi; O my hands, make devout offerings to Sridhara; O my ears, listen to the glorifying deeds of Achyuta; O my eyes, look at Krishna's form; O my feet, approach the temple where Hari is worshipped; O my organ of olfaction, smell the Tulasi offered at the feet of Mukunda; O my head, bow down in reverence to Adhokshaja.

हे लोकाश्शृणुत प्रसूतिमरणव्याधेश्चिकित्सामिमां
 योगंज्ञास्समुदाहरन्ति मुनयो यां याज्ञवल्क्यादयः ।
 अन्तर्ज्योतिरमेयमेकममृतं कृष्णाख्यमापीयतां
 तत्पीतं परमौषधं वितनुते निर्वाणमात्यन्तिकम् ॥

Hearken, O fellow men, to this remedy for the illness of birth and death, given out by ascetics like Yajna-valkya who are adepts in Yoga; within you there is the one supreme Light, the immortal and immeasurable Krishna. That is the supreme medicine; take it (orally) always. That will confer on you absolute Bliss.

हे मर्त्याः परमं हितं शृणुत वो वक्ष्यामि संक्षेपतः
 संसारार्णवमापदूर्भिबहुलं सम्यक्प्रविश्य स्थिताः ।
 नानाज्ञानमपास्य चेतसि नमोनारायणायेत्यमुं
 मन्त्रं सप्रणवं प्रणामसहितं प्रावर्तयध्वं मुहुः ॥

O mortals, please listen to me. I concisely declare unto you what is supremely good. You are well-nigh immersed in the sea of Samsara rife with severe afflictions and dangerous situations like successive waves. Setting aside varied and different kinds of knowledge, start repeating in your mind continuously this sacred formula 'Narayana' with Pranava (Om) prefixed to it, followed by prostrations of love and homage (i.e. Om namo Narayanaya).

पृथ्वी रेणुरणः पयांसि कणिका फल्गुस्फुलिङ्गोलघुः
 तेजो निश्वसनं मरुत्तनुतरं रन्ध्रं सुसूक्ष्मं नभः ।
 क्षुद्रा रुद्रपितामहप्रभृतयः कीटास्समस्तास्सुराः ।
 दृष्टे यत्र स तावको विजयते भूमावधूतावधिः ॥

You are supremely transcendent.
 Glory to Your plentitude (Bhuma)

in which all limitations are entirely blown off. When that is perceived, this planet becomes a mere mote, all the waters mere drops, fire a petty spark of little consequence, wind a tenuous breath, all space but a minute hole, gods like Brahma, Rudra and the rest insignificant manifestations and denizens of heaven no better than worms.

बद्धेनाऽङ्गलिना नतेन शिरसा गात्रैस्सरोमोद्भूमैः
 कण्ठेन स्वरगदगदेन नयनेनोद्गीर्णबाष्पाम्बुना ।
 नित्यं त्वच्चरणारविन्द्युगलध्यानामृतास्वादिनाम्
 अस्माकं सरसीरुहाक्ष सततं संपद्यतां जीवितम् ॥

O lotus-eyed Lord, may our lives be enriched constantly in this manner; palms of our hands reverently brought together in prayer for Your grace and protection; our heads bent in

humble contemplation; our bodies thrilled by the fervour of devotion indicated by the hair standing on end; our voice choked with feelings of deep devotion; our eyes swimming in tears of joy as a result of the delight of the nectar of meditation on Your lotus feet.

हे गोपालक हे कृपाजलनिधे हे सिन्धुकन्यापते
 हे कंसान्तक हे गजेन्द्रकरुणापारीण हे माधव ।
 हे रामानुज हे जगत्त्रयगुरो हे पुण्डरीकाक्ष मां
 हे गोपीजननाथ पालय परं जानामि न त्वां विना ॥

O the tender Cowherd Boy who protected the cattle of Vrindavana, O You sea of Compassion, O You consort of Lakshmi, the daughter of the milk ocean, O You destroyer of Kamsa, O You bestower of endless mercy upon the elephant chief in his distress,

O. Madhava known through contemplation, O You the younger brother of Balarama, O Preceptor of all the three worlds, O You lotus-eyed One, O Protector of the Gopis of Vrindavana, deign to save me; for, except you I know none other who is supreme.

[In Ayurveda and Yoga teachings, wearing of suitable gems (Manis) on the body, repetition of holy formulas (Mantras) and consumption of medicaments (Aushadham) are prescribed for the attainment of physical and supernatural powers. In the next three stanzas Bhagavan Sri Krishna alone is pointed out as all these three for the devotee who seeks happiness and bliss here and hereafter.]

भक्तापायभुजङ्गारुडमणिस्तैलोक्यरक्षामणिः
गोपीलोचनचातकाम्बुदमणिस्सौन्दर्यमुद्रामणिः ।

यः कान्तामणिरुक्मिणीघनकुचद्वंद्वैकभूषामणिः
श्रेयो देवशिखामणिर्दिशतु नो गोपालचूडामणिः ।

May Gopala, our Sovereign, who wears the crown of gems, who is the most honoured jewel among gods, who is the gem associated with Garuda the heavenly bird, curing the snake-poison of misery and distress coming in the way of His devotees, who is the gem that saves the triple world, who is the pearl-like drop of water from the cloud for which the eyes of the Gopis are athirst, who is the signature and seal of the gem set as the acme of all beauty; who is the important ornament of jewels on the fascinating breasts of Rukmini, the gem among wives—may that peerless Gem Sri (Krishna) give us the bliss of Release.

शत्रुच्छेदैकमन्त्रं सकलमुपनिषद्-
 वाक्यसम्पूज्यमन्त्रं
 संसारोत्तारमन्त्रं समुपचिततम्-
 स्सङ्घनिर्याणमन्त्रम् ।
 सर्वेश्वर्यैकमन्त्रं व्यसनभुजग-
 संदष्टसन्त्राणमन्त्रम्
 जिह्वे श्रीकृष्णमन्त्रं जप जप सततं
 जन्मसाफल्यमन्त्रम् ॥२४॥

The holy formula of Sri Krishna is an unparalleled Mantra to cut off everything hostile to one's good; it is the sum total of the Mantras consisting of the sacred Upanishadic statements; it is the Mantra that rescues one from Samsara; it is the Mantra that expels the mass of accumulated darkness; it is the only Mantra for the attainment of complete freedom and

mastery; it is the Mantra that delivers completely those who are bitten by the snake of addiction to passions. O my tongue, always chant this Mantra so that you may attain the fruition of your life.

व्यामोहप्रशामौषधं मुनिमनोवृत्तिप्रवृत्त्यौषधं
 दैत्येन्द्रार्तिकरौषधं त्रिभुवनीसज्जीवनैकौषधम् ।
 भक्तात्यन्तहितौषधं भवभयप्रध्वंसनैकौषधं
 श्रेयःप्राप्तिकरौषधं पिब मनश्श्रीकृष्णदिव्यौषधम् ॥

This medicament in the form of the divine name of Sri Krishna cures ignorance and indiscrimination; it induces the mental state of a meditative ascetic, it is a potion that gave great discomfort to the Demon King (Hiranyaksipu) when Prahlada uttered it, it is the only life-restorer in the three worlds, it is the supremely

wholesome medical dose for the pious, it is the incomparable remedy for the annihilation of the fears arising from mundane existence. O mind, take this medicine by which one attains the supreme good.

आम्नायाभ्सनान्यरण्यरुदितं वेदव्रतान्यन्वहं
 मेदश्चेदफलानि पूर्तविधयस्सर्वे हुतं भस्मनि ।
 तीर्थानामवगाहनानि च गजस्नानं विना यत्पद-
 द्वन्द्वाभ्मोरुहसंस्मृतिर्विजयते देवस्य नारायणः ॥

Victory to God, Narayana, without the remembrance of whose lotus-feet the exercise of Vedic study is a cry in the wilderness, the daily observance of vows prescribed in the Vedas produces no result other than reducing bodily fat, public good done by excavating tanks and wells is all like pouring oblations on burnt down

ashes; taking plunges in holy waters is like giving a bath to the elephant that rolls in sand immediately after that.

श्रीमन्नाम प्रोच्य नारायणाख्यं
 के न प्रापुर्वाज्जितं पापिनोऽपि ।
 हा नः पूर्वं वाक्प्रवृत्ता न तस्मिन्
 तेन प्राप्तं गर्भवासादिदुःखम् ॥२७॥

Who have not attained the desired ends—even if they had been habitual sinners—by loudly repeating the hallowed name of God Narayana! Alas, our faculty of speech was not so employed earlier, hence our misery in the form of birth and its sequelae.

मञ्जन्मनः फलमिदं मधुकैटभारे
 मत्प्रार्थनीयं मदनुग्रहं एष एव ।

त्वद्भृत्यभृत्यपरिचारकभृत्यभृत्य-
भृत्यस्यभृत्य इति मां स्मर लोकनाथ ॥१८॥

O slayer of Madhu and Kaitabha,
O the Master of all the worlds, the
fruit of my life and the gracious help
for which, I think, I must pray for,
are these alone; Be gracious to bear
in mind that I am the most insigni-
ficant servant of Yours—to wit, for
seven generations I and my ancestors
have been in your service and so my
loyalty cannot be suspected.

नाथे नः पुरुषोत्तमे त्रिजगतामेकाधिपे चेतसा
सेव्ये स्वस्य पदस्य दातरि सुरे नारायणे तिष्ठति ।
यं कश्चित्पुरुषाधमं कतिपयग्रामेशमल्पार्थदं
सेवायै मृगयामहे नरं अहो मूढा वराका वयम् ॥

Sri Narayana is the God giving
only what is good. He, the Supreme

Person, is our master and lord and the sovereign ruler of the triple world. He can be properly served by meditating within ourselves. By that He confers upon His devotee His own state. Even so we are in search of a mere man, some low individual, owner of a few villages, who can give only petty rewards for our service. Alas, - what mortal fools we be!

मदन परिहर स्थितिं मदीये
 मनसि मुकुन्दपदारविन्दधाम्नि ।
 हरनयनकृशानुना कृशोऽसि
 स्मरसि न चक्रपराक्रमं मुरारे: ॥३०॥

Cupid, get away from my mind, which is the abode of the lotus feet of Mukunda. You are already reduced by the fiery eye of God Siva. Don't you

remember the might of the discus of
Vishnu?

तत्त्वं ब्रुवाणानि परं परस्मात्
मधु क्षरन्तीव सतां फलानि ।
प्रावर्तय प्राञ्जलिरस्मि जिह्वे
नामानि नारायणगोचराणि ॥३१॥

O my tongue, with folded hands
I request you to start repeating Divine
names of which the referent is Nara-
yana. They denote the supreme Rea-
lity beyond which there is nothing.
For good people they are like delicious
fruits exuding honey.

इदं शरीरं परिणामपेशालं
पतत्यवश्यं श्लथसन्धि जर्जरम् ।
किमौषधैः क्लिश्यसि मूढ दुर्मते
निरामयं कृष्णरसायनं पिब ॥३२॥

This body which has grown attractive (in youth), is bound to age one day and will disintegrate gradually by its very nature. O foolish man, why try to perpetuate it through medicines? Utter the sweet name of Sri Krishna, which is the sure remedy for all ills.

दारा वाराकरवरसुता ते तनूजो विरिञ्चिः
 स्तोता वेदस्तव सुरगणो भृत्यवर्गः प्रसादः ।
 मुक्तिर्माया जगदविकलं तावकी देवकी ते
 माता मित्रं बलरिपुसुतस्त्वय्यवोऽन्यन्न जाने ॥

Regarding You, I know this much and nothing else: the noble daughter of the milk ocean (Goddess Lakshmi) is Your consort; Brahma is Your son; the Vedas sing Your praise; celestial beings are Your retinue; Your grace is release from bondage; the entire world

is nothing but the expression of Your inscrutable power; Your mother is Devaki; and Arjuna, the son of Indra, is Your dear companion.

कृष्णो रक्षतु नो जगत्त्रयगुरुः

कृष्णं नमस्याम्यहम्

कृष्णेनामरक्षात्रवो विनिहताः

कृष्णाय तस्मै नमः ।

कृष्णादेव समुत्थितं जगदिदं

कृष्णस्य दासोऽस्म्यहं

कृष्णेतिष्ठति सर्वमेतदखिलं

हे कृष्ण रक्षस्व माम्

॥३४॥

May Krishna, the preceptor of the three worlds, protect us. I bow down to Krishna in deep reverence. The enemies of gods were utterly vanquished by Krishna. To Krishna, who is such, my deep respects and

CIVILISER VEDANTA

affectionate regards. From Krishna has gloriously emanated this universe. I am the slave of Krishna. All this world is standing firm in Krishna. O Krishna, save me mercifully.

[Note how the Bhakti of the poet is expressed through Vibhakti. Each reference to Krishna in the above verse is in a different case-ending—from Nominative to Vocative]

तत्त्वं प्रसीद भगवन् कुरु मम्यनाथे
 विष्णो कृपां परमकारुणिकः किल त्वम् ।
 संसारसागरनिमग्नमनन्त दीन-
 मुद्भर्तुर्मर्हसि हरे पुरुषोत्तमोऽसि ॥३५॥

Therefore, O Bhagavan Vishnu, be gracious to me who am helpless. Are You not the most merciful? You alone can lift me from the ocean of Samsara into which I am sinking.

O Lord Hari, You are verily the Purushottama, the supreme Person, embodying divine freedom, omniscience, glory, beauty, righteousness, and dispassion.

नमामि नारायणपादपङ्कजं
 करोमि नारायणपूजनं सदा ।
 वदामि नारायणनाम निर्मलं
 स्मरामि नारायणतत्त्वमव्ययम् ॥३६॥

I bow down in worship at the lotus-feet of Narayana. I do reverent service to Narayana constantly and repeat the hallowed Names of Narayana. I am remembering the reality of Narayana which is unchanging.

अनन्त वैकुण्ठ मुकुन्द कृष्ण
 गोविन्द दामोदर माधवेति ।

वकुं समर्थोऽपि न वक्ति कश्चित्

अहो जनानां व्यसनाभिमुख्यम् ॥३७॥

Though every one is capable of repeating Your divine names like Ananta, Vaikuntha, Mukunda, Krishna, Govinda, Damodara, and Madhava, hardly does any one do it. Alas! man's inclination to evil pursuits is amazing.

कायेन वाचा मनसेन्द्रियैर्वा

बुद्ध्यात्मना वा प्रकृतेः स्वभावात् ।

करोमि यद्यत् सकलं परस्मै

नारयणायेति समर्पयामि

॥३८॥

By force of my nature whatever I do by physical action, utterance of words, mental acts, or operations of the senses—all that, without omission, I dedicate to Narayana, the Most High.

क्षीरसागरतरङ्गशीकरा-

सारतारकितचारुमूत्ये ।

भोगिभोगशयनीयशायिने

माधवाय मधुविद्विषे नमः

॥३९॥

I humbly salute Madhava, the foe of Madhu, whose sky-blue body is studded with the star-like spray of particles continuously blown from the billows of the milk ocean and who is reclining upon the bed formed by Ananta.

अयाच्यमक्रेयमयातयाम-

मपाच्यमक्षय्यमदुर्भरं में ।

अस्त्येव पाथेयमितः प्रयाणे

श्रीकृष्णनामामृतभागधेयम् ॥४०॥

For my journey from here, after departure from this body, I have with

me the good fortune to carry the ambrosial provisions consisting of the name of Sri Krishna. The virtue of this viaticum is that it need not be begged for or bought, it is not the worse for age, it requires no cooking, it does not diminish, and it is not difficult to carry.

यस्य प्रियौ श्रुतधरौ कविलोकवीरौ
 मित्रेद्विजन्मवरपारशावावभूताम् ।
 तेनाम्बुजाक्षं चरणाम्बुजषट्पदेन
 रोङ्गा कृता कृतिरियं कुलशेखरेण ॥

This work is composed by King Kulasekhara, who was a honey bee fondly hovering round the Lotus Feet of God Narayana synonymously called Ambujaksha, and who had two friends, dear to him—one a noble

twice-born and the other a Parasava—
who were both poets of the highest
order with capacity to retain and
remember what they learnt. □



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